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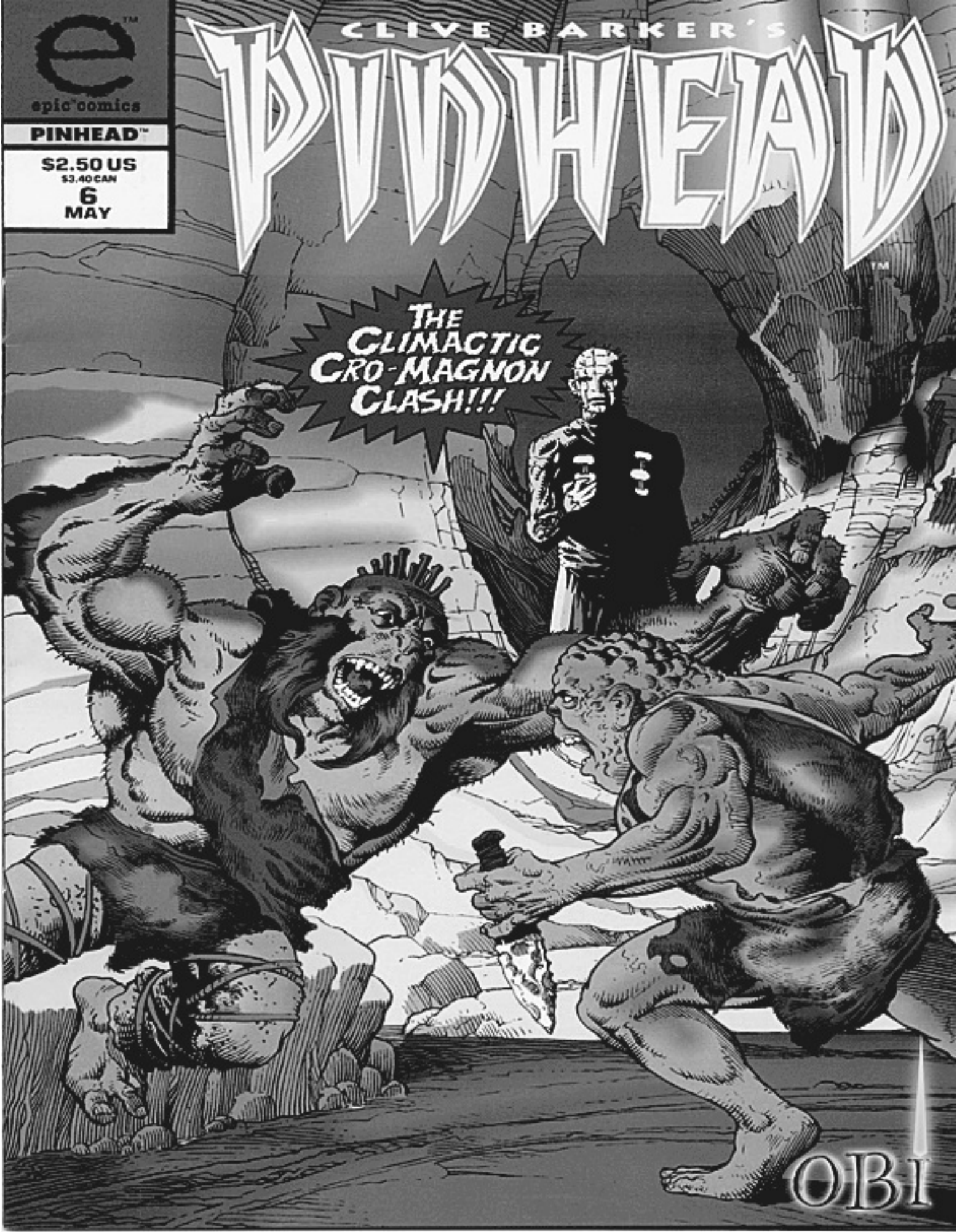
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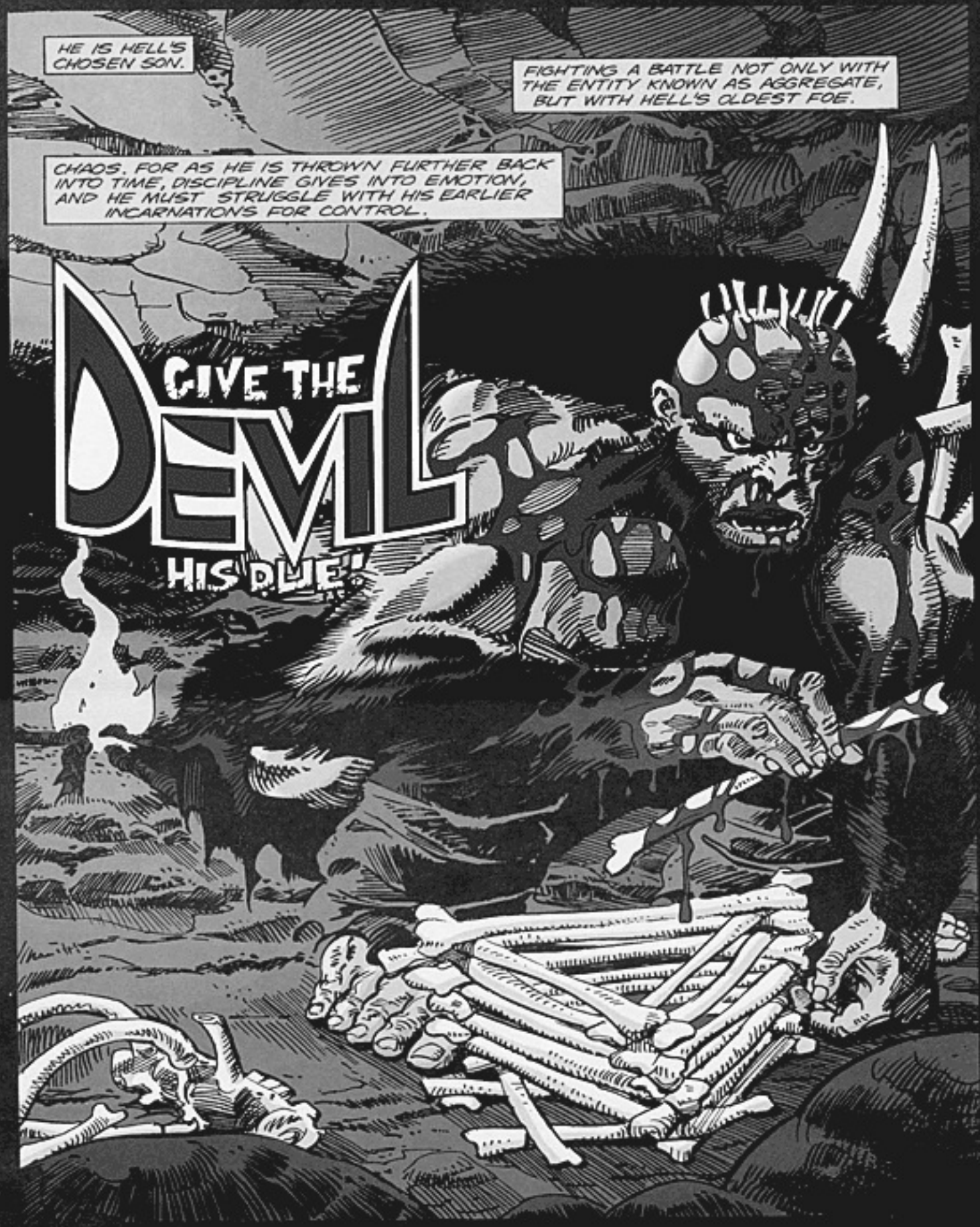

HE IS HELL'S CHOSEN SON.
FIGHTING A BATTLE NOT ONLY WITH THE ENTITY KNOWN AS AGGREGATE, BUT WITH HELL'S OLDEST FOE.
CHAOS. FOR AS HE IS THROWN FURTHER BACK INTO TIME, DISCIPLINE GIVES INTO EMOTION, AND HE MUST STRUGGLE WITH HIS EARLIER INCARNATIONS FOR CONTROL.
GIVE THE DEVIL HIS DUE!

IT IS A BATTLE HE MUST WIN THIS ONE LAST TIME...
...FOR HELL'S SAKE.
DAMN YOU! I DO NOT WISH TO FIGHT YOU! YOUR LACK OF REASON WILL FORCE MY HAND!
GIVE ME CONTROL, BEAST, OR I WILL SHEAR THE FLESH FROM YOUR BONES!
HEEYAAAHHH!!!

AWAY FROM THE BATTLE OF THE MINDSCAPE...
...AN UNWELCOMED VISITOR ARRIVES.
THAT SHADOW...!?!
UNNGGHH!!
STRUCK DUMB AGAIN?
EXCELLENT.

HHHNNN!
AFRAID? PLEASE, DON'T FEAR ME.
COME HERE TO ME. I'VE BROUGHT YOU A GIFT. TAKE IT.
THE BLESSED OBLIVION OF DEFEAT!
WE WANTED TO LOVE YOU, CHOSEN ONE...
BUT YOU TURNED YOUR BACK ON US! AND NOW THERE'LL BE HELL TO PAY.

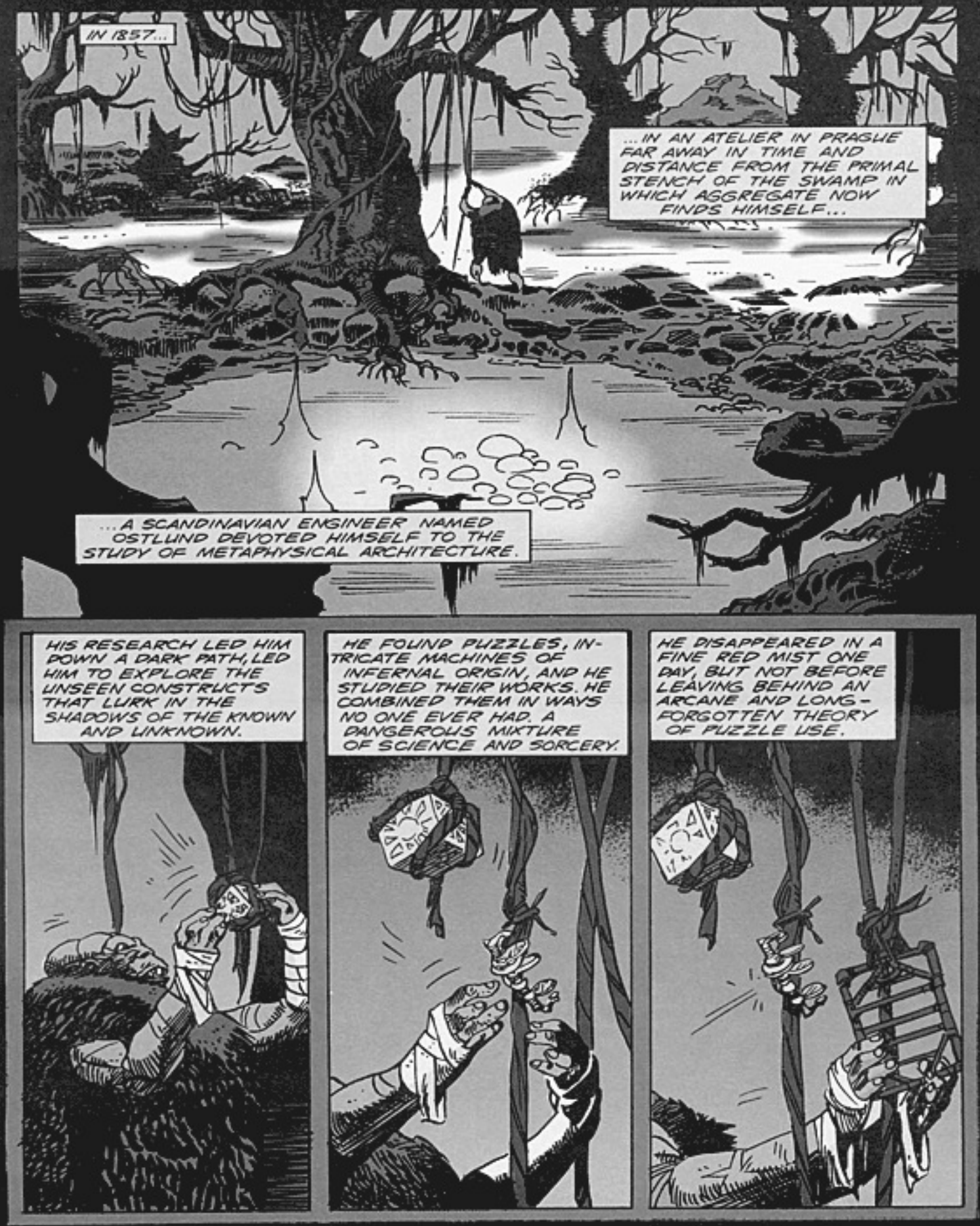
AS AGGREGATE'S DARK WORK ESCALATES, SO TOO DOES THE DECAY OF HELL'S ORDER...
IN THE BATTLE FOR HELL, LEVIATHAN IS FORCED TO CONSUME MORE AND MORE SOULS TO FEED ITS MACHINERY OF WAR, SOWING THE SEEDS OF CHAOS AND REBELLION.
YOU HAVE BEEN JUDGED AND FOUND LACKING! YOUR SOULS WILL BE FODDER FOR LEVIATHAN'S WILL!
NO! THIS IS NOT RIGHT! WE WERE BROUGHT HERE TO SERVE AS CENOBITES, NOT BE GRIST FOR LEVIATHAN'S MILL! WE MUST RISE UP AND FIGHT!
BEAT HIM! FLAY THE FLESH FROM HIS BONES! THERE WILL BE NO DISSENT IN HELL ...

"...ORDER SHALL PREVAIL"
LEVIATHAN IS CRUMBLING. I CAN SEE YOUR FEAR...
...SMELL THE STENCH OF IT COMING OFF OF YOU. EVEN BURIED AS YOU ARE UNDER THIS PATHETIC CREATURE'S SOUL.
HOW UTTER YOUR DEFEAT. AH, YOU'LL EXCUSE US A MOMENT IF WE ATTEND TO OUR TRAPPINGS...?
NO DOUBT YOU'VE WONDERED HOW WE CAME TO BE, HOW IT COULD BE POSSIBLE THAT YOUR PRECIOUS LEVIATHAN WOULD ALLOW OUR EXISTENCE.
ESCAPE, DEMON.
WE SLIPPED THE SURLY HOLD OF YOUR DARK LORD.
NOT ALL AT ONCE...
BUT ONE PRECIOUS PIECE OF FLESH AT A TIME...
UNTIL WE WERE WHOLE. ONE BODY, MYRIAD SOULS. AGGREGATE.

WE WOULD LOVE TO STAY AND CHAT, BUT WE HAVE WORK TO DO.
WE LEAVE YOU TO THE TENDER MINISTRATIONS OF OUR PET...
...WHILE WE DESTROY LEVIATHAN!
IN THE MINDSCAPE...
YYYEEEAAARRGG!!!
UNH?
A SIMPLE TRAP...
...LAID FOR A SIMPLE MIND.

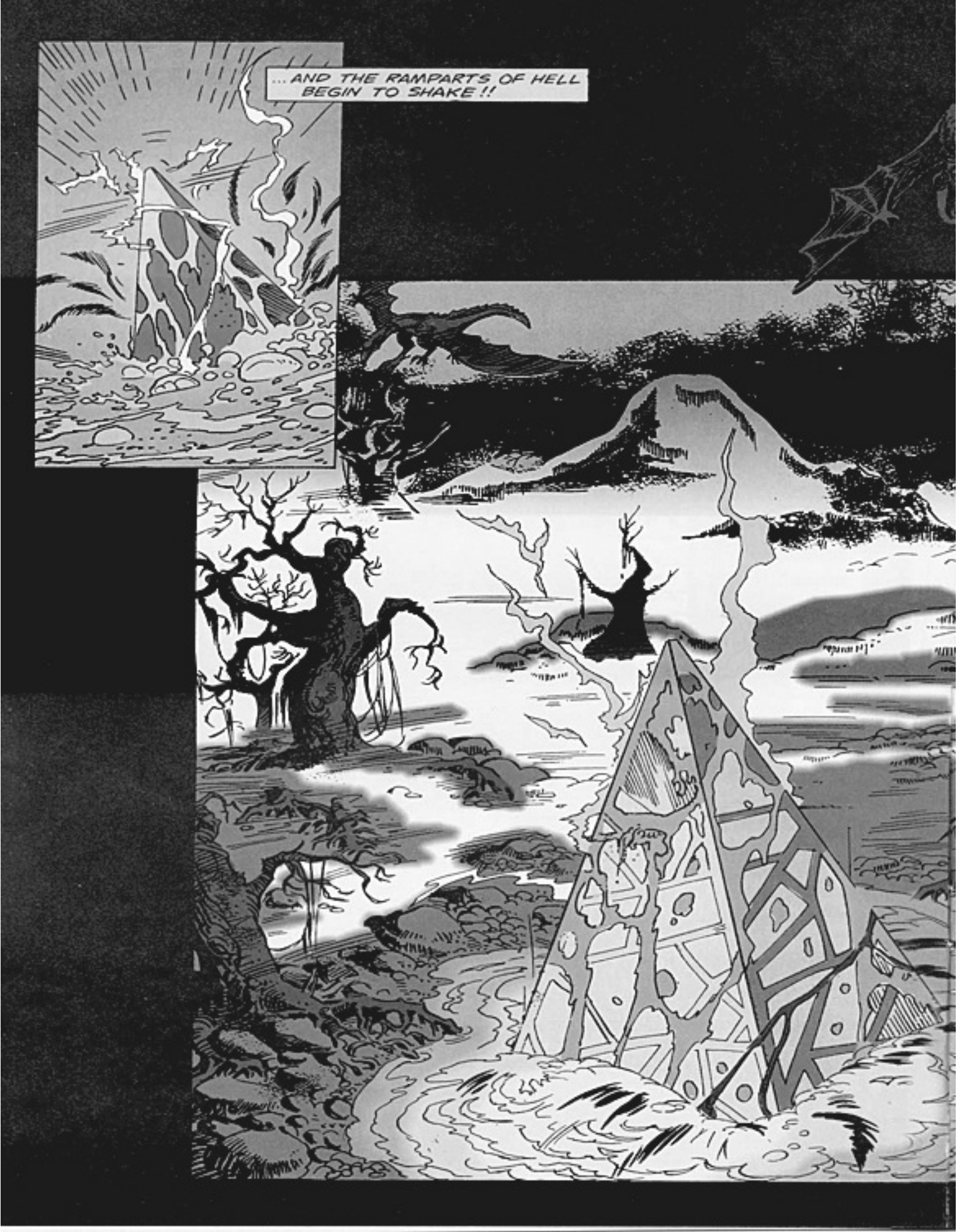
FRUSTRATION MOUNTS...
...AND EXPLODES IN A KILLING FRENZY!
DIE, BEAST! DIE AND GIVE ME BACK YOUR BODY!
UNGHH!
NOW, NOW I CAN TAKE MY REVENGE...
SKIN TEARS, LOOSING THE LUBRICANT OF BLOOD...
...AND REVELING IN THE PAIN, LEVIATHAN'S ANOINTED GUARDIAN RIPS FREE!
YYAARRHHH!!!
YRRK!!

LEVIATHAN MUST BE SAVED...
... AND AGGREGATE STOPPED!
HIS WAR ON LEVIATHAN...
...LACKS PROPER ORDER... FOCUS. HE IS DOOMED, LORD!
AND I WILL SEE TO HIS DESTRUCTION.


IN 1857...
...IN AN ATELIER IN PRAGUE FAR AWAY IN TIME AND DISTANCE FROM THE PRIMAL STENCH OF THE SWAMP IN WHICH AGGREGATE NOW FINDS HIMSELF...
...A SCANDINAVIAN ENGINEER NAMED OSTLUND DEVOTED HIMSELF TO THE STUDY OF METAPHYSICAL ARCHITECTURE.
HIS RESEARCH LED HIM DOWN A DARK PATH, LED HIM TO EXPLORE THE UNSEEN CONSTRUCTS THAT LURK IN THE SHADOWS OF THE KNOWN AND UNKNOWN.
HE FOUND PUZZLES, INTRICATE MACHINES OF INFERNAL ORIGIN, AND HE STUDIED THEIR WORKS. HE COMBINED THEM IN WAYS NO ONE EVER HAD. A DANGEROUS MIXTURE OF SCIENCE AND SORCERY.
HE DISAPPEARED IN A FINE RED MIST ONE DAY, BUT NOT BEFORE LEAVING BEHIND AN ARCANE AND LONG-FORGOTTEN THEORY OF PUZZLE USE.

THE OSTLUND CONSTRUCT. A BLUEPRINT FOR THE DESTRUCTION OF HELL.
THE CONSTRUCT IS NEARLY COMPLETE...
HURRY, ENTITY! YOU JEOPARDIZE OUR FREEDOM WITH YOUR SLOTH!
WE HAVE POOLED OUR DISPARATE PARTS IN YOU SO THAT YOU MIGHT DO OUR WORK-- GET ON WITH IT!
DO OUR BIDDING, AS YOU WERE CREATED TO DO!
OUR SUFFERING MUST END! HURRY!
AGGREGATE, DAMN YOU, WE MUST BE FREE!

ENOUGH! ENOUGH!
SPLASH
SPLASH
I HAVE SERVED YOU ALL AS LONG AS I CAN. ME. ME! I AM AGGREGATE! I HAVE MY OWN SOUL! AND I HAVE SUFFERED!
I DAMN ALL YOUR UNGRATEFUL SOULS!!! I VILIFY THIS FLESH!!!
YYEEAARRGGHH!!
THE OSTLIND CONSTRUCT.
BY DESIGN AN ENGINE OF DESTRUCTION.
UNTIL NOW NO ONE HAD EVER ASSEMBLED THE PARTS, NOR PROVIDED THE FUEL: SOULS.
BUT AGGREGATE'S ANGUISHED SOUL NOW SPARKS THE ENGINES...


...AND THE RAMPARTS OF HELL BEGIN TO SHAKE!!

I HAVE DONE IT! I HAVE CRACKED LEVIATHAN! THE DARK LORD SHALL FALL!
THE CONSTRUCT WORKS! IT WORKS! THE PUZZLES IN ALIGNMENT SHALL DESTROY THEIR CREATOR!
BUT THE OSTLUND CONSTRUCT CANNOT FUNCTION WITH AN INCOMPLETE PUZZLE! I HAVE THE LENS! THERE IS A WAY TO SAVE LEVIATHAN! TO STOP THE CHAOS!

HELL.
LEVIATHAN HAS FORSAKEN US!
WE ARE DOOMED! ORDER HAS LEFT US! ONLY CHAOS REMAINS!
LEVIATHAN, RETURN TO US! LORD, SAVE US!

THE PRIMEVAL PAST.
DEEP IN HELL, THE DAMNED FEEL PAIN AND LOSS...
...BUT HERE, THEY TASTE FREEDOM!
THOSE SOULS DEEMED "NOT GOOD ENOUGH" TO MARCH IN LEVIATHAN'S ARMY--
--ALL OF US TRAPPED INSIDE THAT DIAMOND, FEEDING IT'S HUNGER!
ONE PIECE AT A TIME THEY-WE WE -ESCAPED-
-LENDING A PART OF OURSELVES TO MAKE US THIS AGGREGATE!
NOW THE TIME HAS COME TO RE-CLAIM WHAT IS OURS--
--TO REMAKE OURSELVES WHOLE ONCE AGAIN!

THE SOULS ESCAPE IN A HUMID RUSH.
EXUBERANT AT THEIR RELEASE.
SELF-CONGRATULATING THEIR CLEVERNESS.
THE OTHERS WILL BE OUT SOON TO RE-COVER THEIR LIMBS AND MEMBERS...
THEN... THEN WHAT'S TO BE-COME... OF ME?
"ME"? THERE IS NO "ME", AGGREGATE-ONLY US!
YOUR TIME IS AT AN END... YOU'VE SERVED YOUR PURPOSE!
SADLY, THE SAME CAN NOT BE SAID FOR THE REST OF YOU.

LEVIATHAN STILL HUNGERS.
AND I AM TO ATTEND TO ITS FEEDING.
HOW DO YOU INTEND TO DO THAT, PRIMATE? WITH SOME BRUSH AND A BAUBLE?
THE BRUSH IS USEFUL BECAUSE IT IS DRY...
...THE "BAUBLE" BECAUSE IT IS A KEY TO THE STRUCTURE YOU HAVE TRIED TO ERECT.
"IT WAS TAKEN FROM FATHER DE PAIGE IN 1728, WHEN AGGREGATE ONLY STOLE PART OF THE PRIZE!
"YOUR 'PUZZLE' IS MISSING A PIECE."
WHAT SHOULD BE A TOOL OF ORDER HAS BECOME A THING OF CHAOS.
FWRRSH
WE'VE SURVIVED THE AGONY OF LEVIATHAN'S MOST INTIMATE SUFFERING! ARE WE SUPPOSED TO BE AFRAID OF A LITTLE FIRE?

YOUR TIME IN HELL HAS TAUGHT YOU NOTHING OF THE SUBTLETY CONFIGURATION.
THIS GIFT IS NOT FOR YOU...
KWROOM
HELLSPAWNED FLAME THROWS OFF AN ARCANE LIGHT--
--REFLECTED AND TWISTED BY A HERMETIC SURFACE--
--MAGNIFIED BY LENSES GROUND DEEP IN THE ABYSS.

THE RESULTING BEAM WOULD MELT THE FLESH OF ANY MALLEABLE CREATURE.
BUT TO THE LORD OF FASCIST ORDER, IT IS A BALM.
HEALING SHATTERED CRYSTAL.
SEALING THE AVENUES OF ESCAPE.
AIIAHGK
OUR FELLOWS --CUT IN TWO!
HALF HERE -- HALF STILL BELOW!
THEY WERE THE LUCKY ONES.

WE--I--WE ONLY WANTED TO BE CENOBITES! TO BE LIKE YOU-- TO TORTURE AND MAIM!
THAT IS NOT WHAT WE ARE!
OUR ORDER IS ONE OF EXPERIENCE-- ANY AND ALL--IN THE EXTREME.
IN THAT GRAND ADVENTURE THERE IS ENLIGHTENMENT.
YOU--NONE OF YOU--EVER UNDERSTOOD OUR MOTIVATION.
AND IN YOUR IGNORANCE WERE SUITED FOR NOTHING MORE THAN FILLING LEVIATHAN'S BELLY!
STOP, AGGREGATE! IT'S OVER-- WE'VE LOST!

YOU'VE ALL BEEN LOST SINCE THE MOMENT YOU SOLVED WHATEVER PUZZLES DAMNED THE LOT OF YOU!
BUT I'VE GOT A CHANCE NOW --A CHANCE FOR MY OWN LIFE!
EXPERIENCES I CAN CALL MINE ALONE!
BEGIN WITH THIS...
...AND END WITH IT, TOO.
THE FINAL SEGMENT OF OSTLUND'S CONSTRUCT FALLS VICTIM TO THE FLAME AND HEAT.
THE TENUOUS FRAMEWORK THAT DISORDER HAD BUILT FOR ITSELF GIVES WAY.
AN ORDER THAT HAS MAINTAINED FOR AN ETERNITY REASSERTS ITS DARK HOLD.

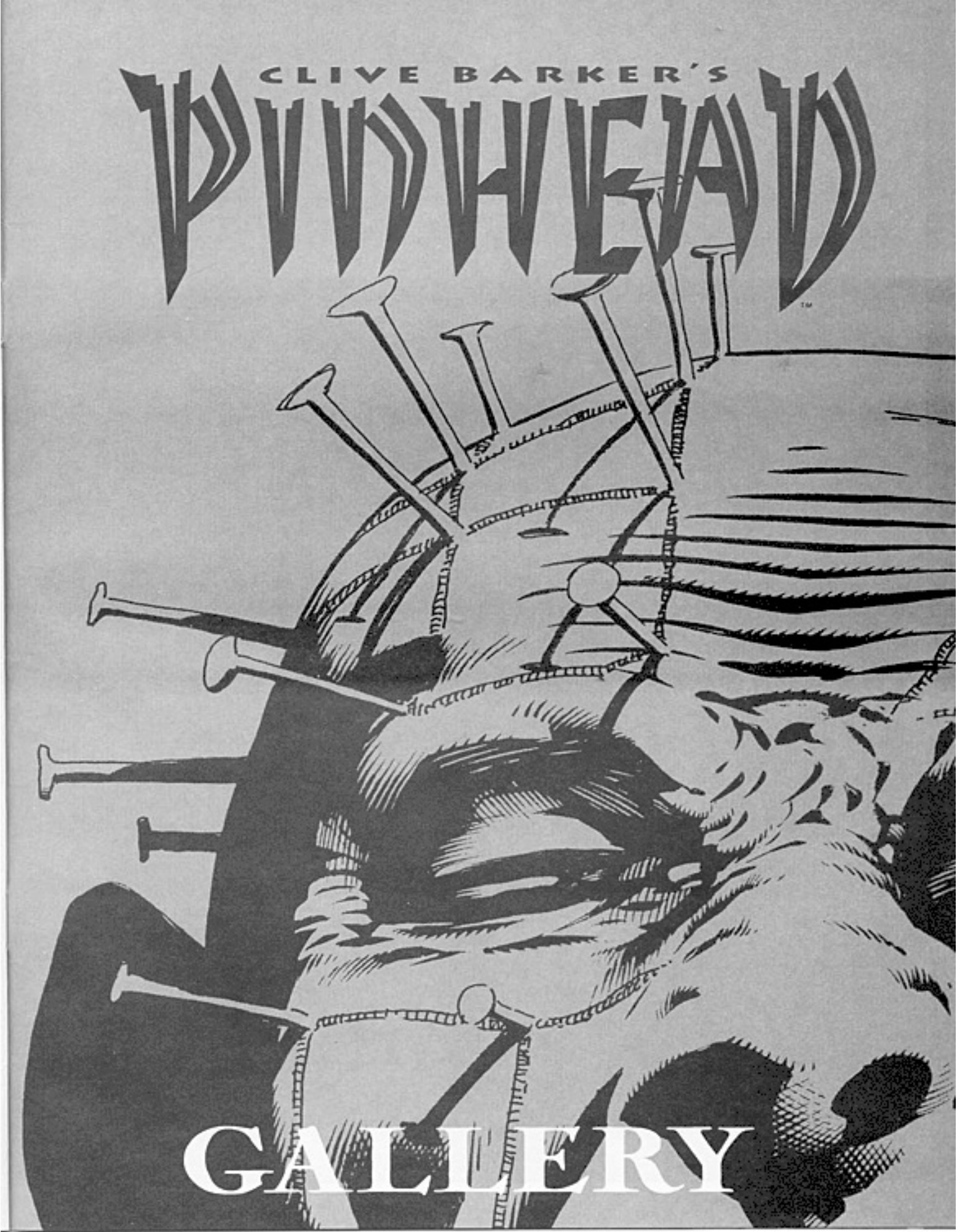
WE'VE WORKED TOO HARD--WE CAN'T GO BACK!
AT LEAST WITHIN LEVIATHAN WE HAVE HOPE--
--THAT SOMEWHERE DEEP INSIDE WE MAY FIND SOMETHING LIKE A HEART!
TO WAIT HERE IS TO FACE THE CERTAINTY OF PINHEAD--
--AND WE KNOW HELL'S FAVORITE SON HAS NO MERCY!
DON'T LEAVE US!
DON'T LEAVE ME...

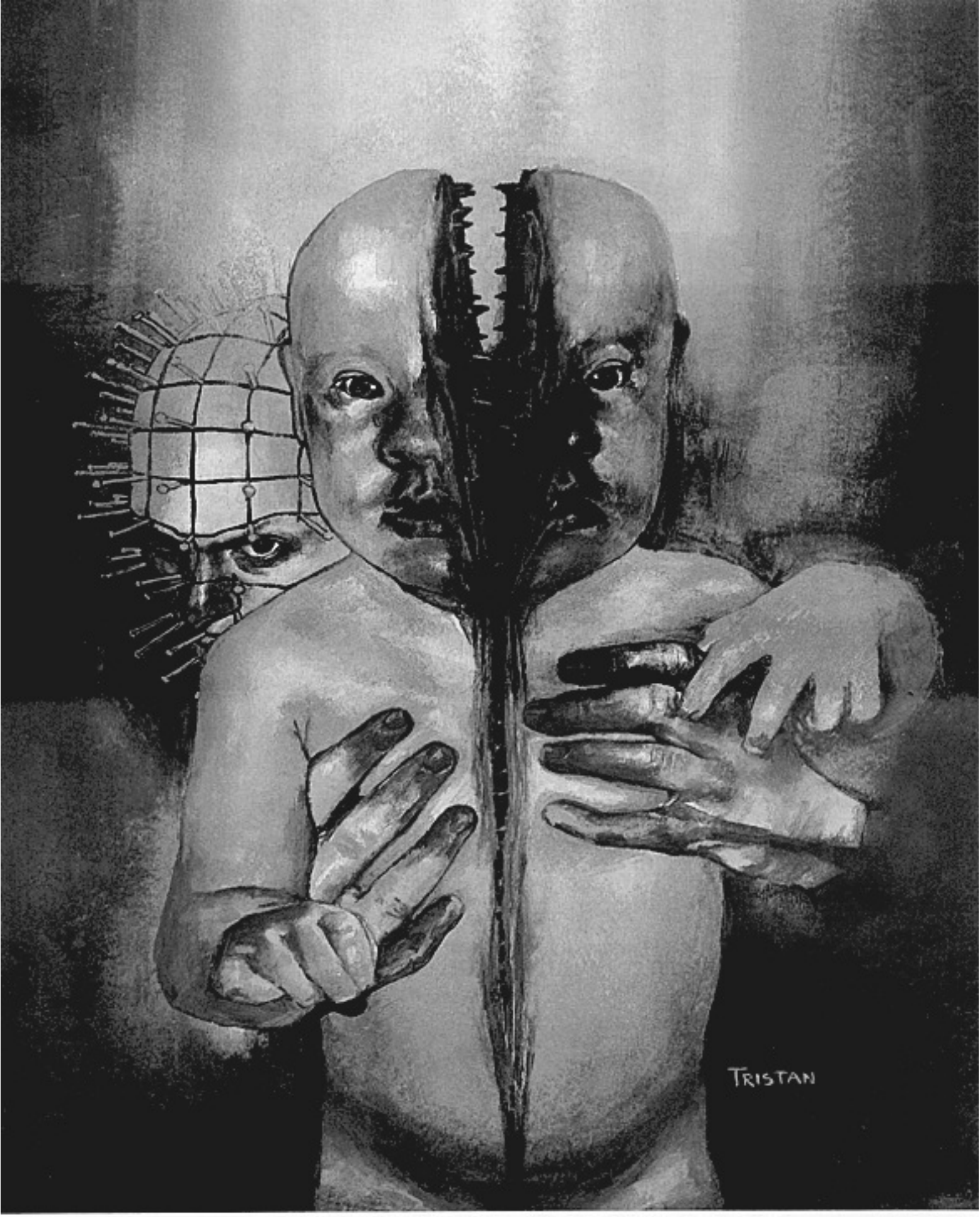
THE FLOW OF TIME POSSESSES A DEGREE OF PERCEPTION.
IT RECOGNIZES THAT EVENTS HAVE BEEN REDIRECTED--
GLTCCHT
--THAT I WILL RETURN THE CONFIGURATIONS YOU STOLE TO THEIR PROPER POINTS IN HISTORY.
THE CENOBITES YOU UNMADE--LIKE ATKINS AND BALBERITH--WILL BE RETURNED TO US.
THE BROTHERS WHO SACRIFICED THEIR IMMORTALITY TO THWART YOUR TRANSGRESSIONS--
SRZAAK
--FACE AND GEHENNA--THEY MAY BE FOREVER LOST TO HELL.
AND THEIR PASSING SHALL BE MARKED AS A SUFFERING WE ALL SHARE.
WHERE--?! LAST THING I REMEMBER'S EATIN' HORSE DUNG IN COLORADO...
NO... I WAS SHIVERING... THE COLD STONE IN THE TOMB... IN PARIS...

WHAT--WHAT'S THE OP, TOP?
TRULY, I WOULD HAVE BEEN PROUD TO ANOINT WHAT YOU HAVE BECOME AS A CENOBITE, AGGREGATE.
BUT YOU ARE TOO SOON TO THE CONCEPT OF SELF-AWARENESS... TOO SEDUCED BY THE PASSING LURE OF INDIVIDUALITY.
AND THERE IS NO PLACE FOR IDENTITY IN OUR ORDER.
YOUR PASSION AND TENACITY WOULD BE A BOON TO LEVIATHAN'S WAR ON THE FLESH!
ATTEND TO HIM, ARMORER.
NOOOO!
PAYBACK'S A BITCH, IN'IT?
BRAKAKOOM!

HELL. TODAY.
WHATEVER THAT MEANS IN A PLACE WHERE DAMNATION IS ETERNAL.
THE WORKSHOP OF LUDOVICO MARIA SINISTRARI--
-- THE HELLBORN INVENTOR WHOSE CREATION PROPELLED THE UNHOLY SPIRIT OF HELL AND HIS CHARGES THROUGH TIME. *
RETURNED TO THE BODY I POSSESS IN THE PRESENT.
THE BODY THAT SHOULD HAVE MADE THE JOURNEY WITH MY ESSENCE--
* ISSUE #1.--TIM
--IF NOT FOR YOUR DUPLICITY, SINISTRARI. DESIGNING YOUR MACHINE TO TRANSMIT ONLY MY PSYCHE...
AND N-NOW WHAT? N-NOW I SUFFER FOR IT, S'THAT IT? SUFFER M-MORE'N I HAVE ALREADY?
ON THE CONTRARY, INVENTOR... YOU HAVE MY THANKS.
ENABLING ME TO AGAIN EXPERIENCE MY EARLIER INCARNATIONS HAS REAFFIRMED MY MISSION TO SERVE THE LORD, LEVIATHAN.
I--I HELPED YOU? NO NO NO NO! IT'S NOT FAIR!

THE LAST THING I WANTED WAS TO DO YOU ANY GOOD!
THEN I CAN THINK OF NO MORE FITTING PUNISHMENT FOR YOU.
YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, INVENTOR, BUT THERE ARE OTHERS WHO REQUIRE MY ATTENTIONS.
THERE ALWAYS ARE...
A FINAL WARNING TO ONE AND ALL: WALK THE STRAIGHT AND NARROW, KIDDIES, AND STEER CLEAR OF PINS AND PUZZLE BOXES!
THAT'S IT FROM ALL OF US IN THIS CORNER OF HELL!


CLIVE BARKER'S
PINHEAD
GALLERY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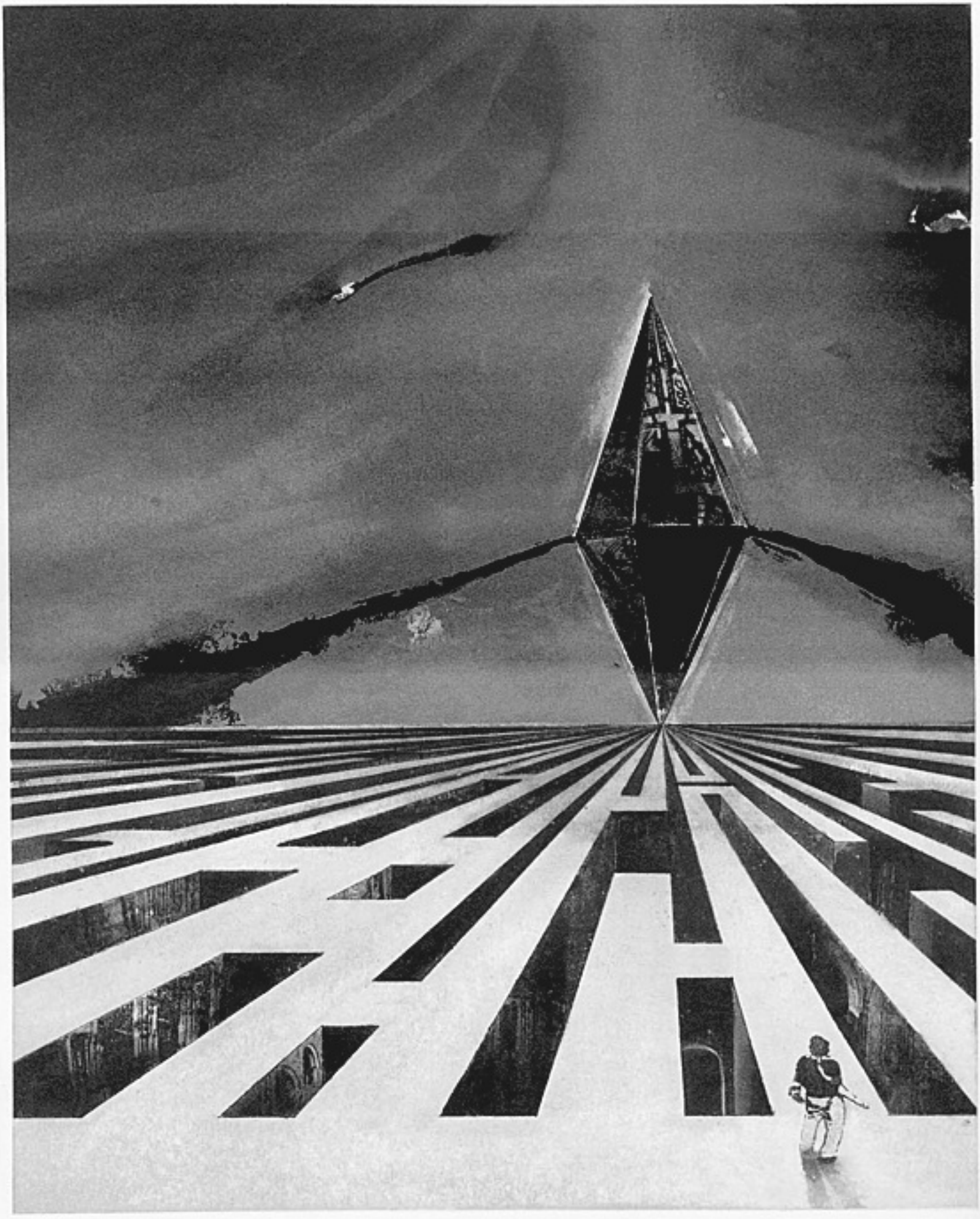

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